WALLED SEOUL.

The Ancient Capital of Korea and Some of Its Peculiarities.

Seoul, the capital of Chosen, is built amid a network of hills eighteen miles from the sea. It is an ancient walled city, fortified in the strongest way by smells that would drive any but an Asiatic army forthwith into the ocean. It is poor in appearance, but rich in fleas. On autumn nights tigers frequently contest the right of way with belated pedestrians, and this is the chief reason why one has the entire street to oneself in a moonlight stroll after 8 o'clock. Metaphorically, one can scarcely see the town for the bald, bulbous and bullet headed Buddhist priests who fatten on the superstition of the populace.

Barring an occasional court function, marked by street processions, Seoul is triumphantly devoid of sights interesting to a traveler. The streets lack entirely those picturesque characteristics of a Chinese or Japanese thoroughfare, and a vista across the Korean house tops is one of appalling monotony. One seeks in vain for attractive souvenirs. In the small shops of Seoul Japanese beer, matches, cigarettes and cheap crockery form the chief stock in trade, while long stemmed Korean pipes and metal banded Korean knives are offered in the most pretentious shops. Here, likewise, can be had the really unique Korean fans, made of silk or paper, finished in oil and covered with curious native designs. These fans are dipped in water before they are used, and the little breeze produced by them is astonishingly cool.

The wall surrounding Seoul, from which kites are ever flying, is but a pocket edition of the great Chinese wall that leads down to the sea at Shanhaikwan. Piercing this Korean copy are the city gates—picturesque passageways—which are promptly and irrevocably closed with the setting of the sun. The west gate will be entered by the tourist on reaching the capital from Chemulpo, and should he come to the outside of this but a minute after the sun has disappeared behind the horizon and the "big bell" has boomed its mournful warning note he is elected to camp in the open until Phœbus has cycled the world on the equatorial path. If he reaches the gate five minutes before it closes on its groaning hinges he will witness a sight that will almost repay him for the toilsome trip up from the coast.—Outing.

PITH AND POINT.

Faith defies fate.

Duty is always divine.

A muzzle is not a cure.

The time to boast is when you don't need to.

He who cannot bear humility cannot wear honor.

The best kind of hope is that which lends a hand.

An empty dignity is as valuable as a hollow dollar.

The work of this life writes the lease of the next.

Hitch your wagon to a star, but don't sell your mule.

The only effective prison bars are those we forge with our habits.

You cannot sanctify your sins by calling their consequences crosses.

The soul with wings does not worry as to the stability of this world.—Chicago Tribune.

The Home of Luther.

Few thoroughfares have been preserved in Europe which give an adequate idea of the streets of the middle ages. One of the most interesting of these relics is the home of Martin Luther, in Frankfurt-am-Main. It stands on the corner of a narrow street and rises to a height which seems unusual even in these days of tall buildings. Like most of the architecture of its period, the Luther house is half timbered and richly decorated. It is a very roomy place, though somewhat dark and probably badly ventilated. The Luther house, like many of its time, contained floors increasing in size as they rose, thus giving a curiously picturesque but top heavy appearance to the building.

The Expression "So Long."

With reference to the origin of the familiar expression "So long" a correspondent of the London Academy suggests that it is derived from the Norwegian "Saa Laenge," a common form of farewell, equivalent in meaning to "au revoir" and pronounced like "so long," with the "g" softened. There was a fair number of Norwegians among the settlers in America, to judge by names, and it is quite likely the phrase was picked up from them. It is in general use among the Dutch in South Africa.

The Man In Love.

The ordinary man in love is a sorry sight compared with his mistress. He makes his love conventionally and continually disappoints the woman, who wishes to see new lights gleam in his eyes. He is in poignant fear of discovery; he has a horror of ridicule; his one dread is lest he make a fool of himself. But a woman is a cheap chit indeed if she spends a thought on such nonsense; her abandon is superb.—London Queen.

His Start.

"Your son is going in for literature, I understand."

"Yes, and he's made an excellent start already. He went to auction this morning and bought a secondhand writing desk very cheap."—Exchange.

The Happy Future.

Mrs. Waggles—Everything we have here in the house is so old it is shabby. Waggles—Have a little patience, my dear. When they get a little older they will be antique.—Judge.

HONEYBEE QUEENS.

THE MANNER IN WHICH THEY ARE FED BY THE WORKERS.

There Are Numerous Safeguards In the Hive to Provide Against the Administration of Poison Honey—It Is Different With Wasps.

The safeguards provided against the administration of poison to the despotic oriental rulers are rudimentary compared with those which stand between queens of the honeybee and such a risk. Curiously enough, this is a phase of the internal economy of the beehive which appears to have escaped observation.

In the British isles no poisonous honey is collected. If it exists the bees have learned to avoid it. Probably there is none, as the honey from at least one dangerous plant, the deadly nightshade, is harmless. Ivy honey would be the most suspicious of any gathered on a large scale, and it only exerts, so far as observation goes, a slightly laxative effect on the digestive organs. Although in this country no poisonous honey is known, it is met with in other places, notably in Asiatic Turkey. It was in this region that Xenophon's soldiers were poisoned 2,300 years ago by honey from the Azelia pontica, a plant which still flourishes in Armenia. Some centuries later a Roman army suffered similarly, but less severely, there being no deaths.

The precaution of compelling the cook to eat a portion of every dish, which is the usual safeguard of despotic rulers, or the still more primitive plan of giving the first helping to a little dog, can be eluded by a clever Borgia by having only one-half of a bird or pastry poisoned. In a wasps' nest each forager on returning proceeds directly to the queen and offers refreshment. Consequently the queen is sometimes destroyed by slowly acting poison. Further as regards wasps, it is observed that when any larvæ not recently fed perceive the queen receiving food they become restless. If nearly grown they wag their heads in a suggestive way, which plainly conveys a demand for a share. Each forager after feeding the queen gives the balance of his load direct to the nurses.

In the case of the honeybee one possible reason why no virulently poisonous honey reaches the hive may be that the insect foolish enough to collect any would probably die, as the so called honey sack is really a stomach in which a preliminary digestive process proceeds. This is proved by the polariscope, which shows that, while the nectar of the flowers is pure cane sugar, or levulose, the substance in the hive cells is sacrometrically half dextrose and half cane sugar. Dextrose is invert sugar, a coarse variety of which is the glucose of commerce. Forager bees returning to the beehive place the half digested product known as honey in their storeroom with other honey. This mixing would have the effect of attenuating a poisoned load should such be brought in.

Foraging bees never feed the queen or young larvæ, but they give a mouthful or two to drones in passing. Just before sealing for the metamorphosis workers and drones are fed with honey mixed with pollen. Not so the young queens, who only get a further supply of the redigested milky substance known as chyle, which is the sustenance of all larvæ indiscriminately during the first three days of their existence. During the chrysalis stage there is no feeding. It is the business of a gang, distinct for the time being, to cater for the queen and young. They bring the food from the stores and submit it to the digestive process referred to, after which it is regurgitated to supply the needs of the queen and young larvæ. The attendants are numerous, and each supplies only a minute quantity. The queen bee is so constituted that her digestive system is capable of assimilating only the prepared food of chyle. She will die in a few hours on a comb containing honey, although kept at the temperature of the hive.

Thus it would appear that the safeguards are:

First.—A bee collecting poisonous honey would probably die before reaching the hive.

Second.—If one succeeded in depositing poisoned honey, the circumstance that it did so would prove the poison to be not virulent, and its mixture with other honey in the storeroom would still further attenuate the poison and render it harmless. This is the stage at which the product becomes human food. It has, as stated above, occurred that poisoned honey has passed both these lines of defense.

Third.—Should the honey be still deleterious the alimentary attendants of the queen would first suffer, and only those bringing wholesome food would reach her, as a struggle for the privilege of feeding her majesty is continually in progress.

Fourth.—Should the stores pass the three safeguards before mentioned there is still another—viz, that each one of the queen's attendants feeds her only for a second at a time, and thus she would never get a sufficient quantity to affect her seriously. The queen is always on the move and the competition to feed her so great that she is continually bringing fresh bees in front of her, from which position alone food can be administered. No worker bee would think of jostling; every one gives way to the queen.

Uneasy monarchs and others may find some suggestions in these arrangements for securing their safety. Probably they will decide to take their chances rather than avoid risk by living on food which has previously been digested by subjects, however loyal.—Scientific American.

"THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKEN" AS A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

Since the Presidential election in 1860 the people of the United States have had as chief magistrates a President who in his youth was a "rail splitter," Abraham Lincoln; one who was a tailor, Andrew Johnson, who succeeded to the Presidency from the Vice-Presidency after the death of Mr. Lincoln; a "tanner," General Grant; a "mule driver," General Garfield; a sheriff, mayor and governor, Hon. Grover Cleveland—and last of all, Mr. Roosevelt, who in the West is hailed as a "cowboy" and in the East is acclaimed as the "exponent of the strenuous life." Mr. Roosevelt, so far as anything can be regarded as certain in this life, is assured of the nomination by the Republican National Convention, which meets in Chicago on June 21. Strenuosity is apparently at a premium among our Republican friends. They want a standard-bearer who has warm blood, sturdy muscles and no lack of that impetuosity which is a characteristic of youth.

While the lists are closed so far as the Republican race for the nomination is concerned and President Roosevelt is considered a "sure winner," the Democratic situation is entirely different. The conditions of the contest are such that no candidate for the nomination at St. Louis can be considered a winner "on form." The man who has more instructed delegates than any other aspirant for the honor is Hon. A. B. Parker, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of New York. Justice Parker made an early appearance in the field—an appearance by proxy, as it were—for to this day he has said or written nothing which would indicate that he is a candidate for a four years' residence in the White House. The Judge is the Silent One of Politics. In the vernacular he is the Democratic clam, and his political opponents have, with more or less felicitousness of language, given him this nickname, although some who are more fastidious in their choice of words designate him "the Sphinx." Mr. Bryan, according to his own statement, is out of the race. The Hon. Grover Cleveland thrusts aside the laurel crown. There are some "favorite sons" whose names are occasionally heard—Mr. Olney, of Massachusetts; Mr. Gorman, of Maryland; Mr. Francis, of Missouri; Mr. Hearst, of New York, who has captured 78 delegates in six Western States and Hawaii and may receive the support of 38 more delegates representing six other States. Last, but not least, is Judge George Gray, of Delaware.

If the Republicans are to nominate a "strenuous" candidate, it is conceivable that our Democratic friends may conclude that it would be the part of political wisdom to select a standard-bearer whose State is suggestive of fighting spirit. Little Delaware's reputation for grit and dash dates back to the Revolutionary period. Delaware has for a century and a quarter been known as the "Blue Hen" State. The regiment which she furnished in the War of the Revolution was known as the "Gamecock Regiment." Its flag bore the inscription "Blue Hen's Chickens." An officer in this regiment, who had achieved a wide reputation as a breeder of game roosters that never flinched from the gaff, maintained that a first-class gamecock must of necessity be the porgeny of a blue hen. Judge Gray is a worthy son of the "Blue Hen." Without disparagement of the merits of any other aspirants for the nomination, or belittling the candidacy of Senator Gorman, it may be said in all fairness that little Delaware has in this distinguished jurist and statesman a son who measures fully up to the Presidential standard. If the St. Louis convention should bestow the nomination upon him it would make no mistake. The "gamecock of Delaware" would be a slogan that would stir the Democratic heart from Maine to Louisiana, from New York to California.

Delaware isn't a big State, but that consideration is of little importance in view of the fact that its favorite son is a big man intellectually, who served the Democratic party and the country with distinction as a member of the United States Senate and later as a member of the Peace Commission which conducted the negotiations with Spain after the war of 1898. The appointment to the Federal bench, which the late President McKinley bestowed upon him, was a recognition of his eminent fitness to serve the nation in a judicial position. As president of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission Judge Gray acquitted himself in a manner that won for him the respect and confidence of all the parties to that controversy, including the public.

While the Sun has no candidate for the nomination at St. Louis—and while it believes in the principle of a free field and a fair fight for all aspirants in both national conventions—it is not unmindful of the fact that a "gamecock" in the White House—one of the "Blue Hen's Chickens"—would be as much in place there as a "rail splitter," a "mule driver," a "tanner," a "sheriff," or an apostle of the strenuous life. If little Delaware should have the honor of giving the Democratic party of the nation its standard-bearer, who can doubt that the national Democracy would back the "Blue Hen's Chicken" to the limit and that the "gamecock" would give the "rough rider" a fight that would stir the popular heart and quicken the Democratic imagination.—Baltimore Sun.

Health and Beauty.

Rest after luncheon.

If hair brushes be cleansed daily and the scalp massaged the hair and head will keep clean much longer.

If in addition to scalp massage you give the hair a soft rubbing with the palms of your hands it will be much more silky.

Mothers are often worried as to what the cries of their infants mean when they seem to be sick or in pain and frequently are apt to diagnose the case wrongfully. As a matter of fact, when an infant is dangerously ill it seldom cries, so that when it begins to cry a great deal during a severe illness it is usually a sign of amendment. When a child suffers from inflammation of the lungs it moans, but rarely cries. When suffering from bronchitis the cry is gruff and rattling. When suffering from croup the cry is sharp and fretful. When hungry it is fretful and wailing.

A good substitute for the curling iron lies in the fluffing or artificially thickening the hair with the comb. Take a section of hair and while grasping it firmly in the left hand and holding it straight out from the head brush the short hair slightly back toward the roots with the comb. Do this on both sides of the strand you hold and close to the head. When the hair has thickened up into a curly mass go on the next strand. When you have thickened all around your head proceed with your hair as usual. You will find that while shorter than before it is fluffy and light and will form a natural pompadour.

Motor-car exercise will cure consumption, says Dr. Blanchet of Lyons. He speaks from personal experience, having recovered his own health by regularly covering about 100 miles a day in an open motor car. He avers that by this remedy the cough of tuberculous patients is gradually abolished or greatly diminished and healthy sleep and appetite produced. It is most essential that the body should be duly protected from cold. The elements of the cure are the long stay in the open air and the increased atmospheric pressure due to the rapid motion which expands and strengthens the lungs.

Under Two Flags.

New York Sun.]

Not long ago an elderly man approached Gen. Joseph Wheeler in the lobby of a New York hotel.

"I want to shake hands with you general," he said, putting out only one he had.

"Gray or Blue?" laughed the eral, who has friends all broad land of freedom.

"Both," was the re with you under the in the Confederacy fought with you Stripes b